

Well I got to the bottom and thought I could go no lower,

Then someone stepped on my head into the ground so I'd cower;

Like an ant squashed by a meanie just for the sake of it,

I was like that as the lowest of the low and so fat and unfit.

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Happiness I said is a thing of the past and I it seems like life's bad,

But made a decision to get out of it no matter how long I was mad;

I fought and I fought and tried to pick myself up out of the mess,

But it was a hell of a tall order and I had to go through stress.

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I was anxious and worried and had selfish thoughts in myself,

And had nothing left to do but to read a book off the shelf;

And I read and I ran and suffered the must holy hell,

To be saved by the bell and to beat it, to become well.

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So I tried and I tried and went through torment, toil and strife,

And trouble was upon me and my souls death was a life;

Then I struggled and I strained to dig myself up out of the pit,

Like I had sunk to the bottom of the ocean as someone saw fit.

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Then when it could not get worse and it seemed to all drag out,

I was lost in my mind and my head dying and dead in doubt;

So I lifted up my head and said it there is a God out there,

Hear me and help me and I'll follow you around anywhere.

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God heard my call and gave me the good grace from his heart,

And from the lowest of low he taught and nurtured me to be some smart;

So now I know I am saved after many years of hell,

And heaven is the paradise he gave me to live eternally well.

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**Signed,**

**A bit of a high**

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